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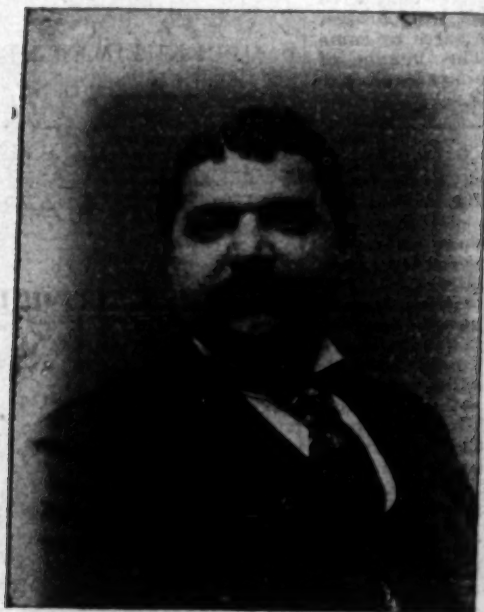
VOL. XVIII.

WASHINGTON, D.C. SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1900

NO. 39.



SUPERINTENDENT W. B. POWELL.
WHO HAS IMPROVED THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM
TO A HIGH STANDARD OF PERFECTION.



JAMES L. GOODALL.
A GREAT POLITICAL FACTOR IN THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.



THEY SAY

Rev. Geo. W. Lee will be a wiser man now.

If he remembers he said a minister who enters in politics should be removed by his church.

Has Rev. Lee had his coffin made yet?

Some people will no doubt learn sense.

Defeated candidates always cry out fraud.

What was Carson's majority four years ago.

Was Bailey counted out or was he led astray.

The man who knows a thing or two will tell the truth.

Rev. George W. is wiser if not better than a

How can a Negro support the democratic party.

If you know a thing or two don't tell it.

It is the thief who calls out fraud.

Honest people will not betray themselves.

Do your duty and nothing more can be expected of you.

Mr. John B. Wright will not be the next Commissioner.

Col. John W. Ross is satisfactory to the people.

The President could not do a better thing than to nominate Mr. Ross.

The man who does his duty is a good man.

James A. Perry had a new suit made preparatory to the convention.

It will keep him until the next election.

The election was not a surprise to THE BEE.

The man from New Jersey ought to take a tumble.

Has he seen the President?

THE BEE is the peoples paper.

Is there any difference between a man who protects women and those who take another man's wife.

The Capital Savings Bank is a great institution.

Never desert a friend it is not safe.

Think well of those who speak kindly of you.

Never believe all that people say of your friend.

There are always two sides to all questions.

The President ought to give us a republican Commissioner.

Do your duty notwithstanding what other people say.

There are people who talk too much.

Col. M. M. Parker will be the next National Committeeman.

He is the right man in the right place.

Lay city went for Chase and Jones.

Defeated candidates always make a kick.

The democratic party has a great deal to learn.

If you want a live paper read THE BEE.

All this world is a stage and the people are merely the players.

If you know a thing keep it to yourself.

President McKinley will be the next President.

We often go to those for help we have abused.

Always treat your neighbor right and then you will never regret it.

The world is in a commotion and it is doubtful what the result will be.

Don't forget what you say to your friend because when he meets you, you may tell him something else.

John F. Cook will have to do something better than he is doing if he wants votes.

Going among the bishops will not aid him in the least.

You never see your mistakes until it is too late.

WALCOTT WEAKENED.

He Didn't Want to Buy Wine, But He Was Compelled To.

Joe Walcott had an experience at Corbett's place at New York the other night, which serves to make him more careful about making offers to buy wine. Walcott knew that colored people are not wanted at Corbett's, and after indulging liberally in wine, bought by his manager, Tom O'Rourke, and some sports, Joe remarked:

"I'd just like to buy all of you gentlemen a glass of wine, but, mah word, dey won't let no colored man buy nothing here. Ah feel right mean not to be able to reciprocity you all's drinks."

Just then John R. Considine who has a half interest in the place, came along, and O'Rourke, winking, remarked:

"Say, John, break your rule once, and let Joe buy. He wants to, and his money's good."

"Well, seeing that you ask the favor, Joe can go as far as he likes this time," said Considine.

Joe turned ashen at the prospect of buying wine for the party, which now numbered fully a dozen. He tried to edge out.

"Ah'm feelin' kindy faint. I guess that 'ere wine goin' to make me sick. I've got to get fresh air."

"No, you don't!" cried the bunch. "It's an honor for you to be allowed to buy for us. Do you want to spend your money with colored folks?"

"Good Gwad, no! I don't get no money often colored folks. De white folks keeps me."

"You said you wanted to buy—were you four-flushing? Be game," said O'Rourke sternly.

"Well, Mistah O'Rourke, to done tell de truf, I's disremembered dat I left my money at home. I ain't got de price. I fully appreciate de honah you do me."

"Don't speak to me again. You are a deuce in a discarded deck," said O'Rourke. Some one bought, and Walcott laughed. He was not offered a drink, and no one spoke to him.

Then he weakened.

"I's a poor man, but I'll jest buy de wine for de crowd. It's goin' to break me, but you're all my friends."

It took four quarts to satisfy the thirst of the crowd, and as Joe handed over the bills tear drops glistened on the top one like dewdrops on the sward.

AN AERIAL FLIGHT.

Extraordinary Adventure of an Italian Peasant Woman.

Teresa Falcioni, an Italian peasant woman met recently with an extraordinary adventure. Near her home, in the village of Quarna, which nestles in a spacious valley, is a high and wooded mountain, and there it was her custom to go several times a week for the purpose of collecting firewood. To bring this wood down from the precipitous mountain to her cottage was quite an arduous task. Therefore, she sent it down by means of a strong metal wire, stretched from the valley up to the mountain top.

A few weeks ago she and her little daughters ascended the mountain, and after gathering three goodly bundles of wood prepared to send them down. Just, however, as the mother had fastened the first bundle to the wire, and had launched it on its downward course, her wedding ring became caught in the rope with which the bundle was tied, and in a flash she was carried off her feet and swept downward into the valley. Half paralyzed with fear, her little daughters watched her as she sped from their sight with amazing swiftness, and then they ran down the mountain, fully expecting to find her lying dead at the end of the wire.

And their fear was quite natural, since the mountain top from which their mother had been torn is eight hundred yards above the valley. Fortunately, their fears proved to be groundless. They found their mother entirely uninjured. Yet, miraculous indeed, was it that her life had not been crushed out of her at the end of her perilous descent. It would have been if her fall had not been broken before she reached the earth by some friendly branches. The bundle of wood, too, was in some measure a bulwark against the shock.

Pirates Still in Canton.

A daring raid by a body of pirates on one of the Canton jails for the purpose of releasing one of their comrades, who was lying there under sentence of death, was made at the end of October, but the details were suppressed by the local authorities. A band of about eighty pirates attacked the jail and overpowered the warders. They then liberated their comrade and eleven other bandits who were also under sentence of death, and fought their way back to their boats, killing a number of the city-trained bands who were called out to intercept them. During the running fight two of the pirates were killed, but the rest got away. The Empress Dowager, on receiving the news of this exploit, though some of the details were concealed from her and from the Viceroy, cashiered the governor of the jail and ordered an inquiry to ascertain whether he was in collusion with the pirates. She also ordered the trial of the local magistrate who was responsible for the security of the prison, and gave him the usual period of three months within which to recapture the liberated criminals and the pirates who released them—London Times.

Had Three Wives Visit Him.

Jimmy Farrell, who is locked up in the county jail at Detroit, Mich., charged with being disorderly, is a wizard with the ladies. He has a pug nose and red whiskers. Every day three wives call upon him, meeting at the jail and going up to the cell together. All three claim to be married to Farrell, and he does not deny it, receiving their presents of pipes, tobacco, preserves, cakes, etc., with a bored expression. They are known by numbers with the jail officials. No. 1 is a colored woman, No. 2 a prepossessing white woman, and the third is a white woman old enough to be his mother. The strange trio are not jealous, and even greet each other with warmth, and when the daily interview is over leave the jail together, supporting the colored woman, who is a cripple. Farrell was recently stabbed by a jealous colored rival.

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BEAT THE DEAL BOX.

How a Young Gambler Quit While He Was a Winner.

"I see gambling is running wide open in Colorado again," said Walter Harris, a cattleman of Topeka. "I don't suppose, though, it is as wide open now as it was in the late '80s. I was in Manitoba every summer at that time, and the high games that used to run at some of the clubs would be an eye-opener to the gamblers of the present day. Cattlemen were making money then, as were the miners, and they used to meet in Manitoba and try for each other's pocketbooks, with the result that the professional gamblers got the money."

"I remember how one young fellow was made to quit a winner against his will. His name was Rich. He was a nephew of one of the big rubber men, and his folks kept him supplied with money, a regular allowance. He had been gambling every cent of it, letting bills pile up for hotel and livery and everything else. His people sent word that they wouldn't send any more money, and said if he got into trouble he'd have to get out himself. His creditors were just about ready to jump on him, when one night he made a big winning. He was playing faro in the club that's torn down now. It used to stand over from the depot, and was the place for high play."

"I suppose he had \$400 or \$5,000 in front of him when his friends began trying to persuade him to quit. He was just like all the rest of them, going to break the bank, and all that sort of thing, and he wouldn't quit."

"It was a red-hot night for Manitou, and with the excitement and all Rich had pulled off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. There was a doctor among his friends, and though he hadn't said anything to Rich, I suppose he felt a responsibility, because the young fellow had come out here for his health, and had been referred to the Manitou doctor by the doctor he had at home."

"I was watching the play, though I didn't know any of the people. I saw the doctor turn his back to the crowd for a few minutes and fiddle with something he had taken from his pocket. Then he walked over to Rich and put his hand on his bare arm. 'You need a sedative,' he said. Quick as a flash he took the hypodermic syringe he had in his pocket and fired a charge into Rich's arm."

"Rich said 'ouch,' and grabbed at the place where he had been pricked, but the deal was going on and he turned to that again. Before half the cards were out his head settled on the table, he commenced to draw good, long breaths and was asleep."

"The doctor took the chips, cashed them in, then he took and wrote a receipt for the money and gave it to another friend of Rich's to keep. Then he took Rich, loaded him into a carriage, took him up to his office and watched over him until he came around the next day. Rich paid his bills, but he did no more gambling at Manitou. They wouldn't let him play again."—Denver Republican.

A DAGGER FELL.

And Stabbed a Lady in the Theatre Below.

Below.

There are two tiers of boxes in the Comedie Francaise, Paris, in which the ladies wear fine dresses. The lower tier projects further into the body of the house than the upper, so that any object, falling from the latter, might readily strike a person sitting in the former. While Perrot, the tenor, was revelling in his piercing high notes the other night, a much bejeweled woman in one of the boxes in the second tier, chanced to lean over the rail to gaze at the orchestra stalls.

The movement shook a piece of jewelry from her hair, and it fell swiftly into the box beneath. The lady, in circumstances the ornament would have been lost, but it so happened that it found a sweet and safe resting place. A fresh, big-eyed beauty in the lower box suddenly startled her friends by clutching her pretty neck and exclaiming: "Oh, I think I'm stabbed!"

Everybody bent solicitously toward her, demanding to know the trouble. She tapped her breast and gasped: "I felt a sharp weapon strike me here."

At that moment a gentleman entered the box. "Pardon my intrusion," he said, "but my wife in the box above dropped a jewel out of her hair. Have you seen anything of it?"

The lovely girl, who thought herself stabbed, sat upright in her chair and looked frightened. Then she dashed into the back room, from which she returned shortly, and said: "Here is the jewel," holding forth a handsome diamond dagger. Where she found the dagger would have remained a mystery unless a young man, who had been sitting at her side, saw where it dropped just inside her corage.

The Course of True Love.

Charles Loth, aged 26, was charged recently with the abduction of Olivia B. Newton, less than 15 years old, at Richmond, Va. They went to the station ostensibly to take the train to elope. A rain storm came up and they got in a box car. She said that he detained her there all night, and was so indignant the next day that she refused to have anything more to do with him. Her parents brought a charge of abduction, and the girl told her story to the jury and declared her determination to have no further dealings with her former lover.

Loth was sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary. Recently he secured a new trial. The young woman was seated in the court room with her mother and father while the hearing was going on, and testified, this time, in favor of Loth. They had evidently met in some way. While the young woman's parents were absorbed in the question of granting bail and release of Loth, Olivia stole out of the court room to the street, where, it is thought, a cab was in waiting. As soon as the bail and release was granted, Loth hurried out of the court room and joined the young woman.

They slipped away so quietly that they were not missed until both were wanted for some further formality. Their absence dumfounded the parents of the girl and the officers of the court.

They caught a train for Weldon, and will, no doubt, return man and wife, and Loth, instead of serving time in the penitentiary, will only answer for contempt of court.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

Jennie O'Neil Potter, Reader, and Her View of Death

SHE FEARS IT NOT AT ALL

She Wants to Recite a Monologue Telling How the News That She Must Die Came, and Ending With the Counterfeiting of Her Death.

Jennie O'Neil Potter lies in St. Luke's Hospital, New York, knowing that she must die in March, and still she is happy. Her life has been tempestuous; but her death will be calm and peaceful. Hers is a strange nature—presents an extraordinary



(Jennie O'Neil Potter.)

psychological phenomenon. Jennie O'Neil Potter was one of the best-known elocutionists in the United States. She made herself popular by reciting "How Salvador Won," "Faints and Matrons," and "Swinging in the Grape Vine Swing." Now she is dying, and knows it. Her great desire—expressed by herself for publication—is to appear once more in public, and to appear once more in public, and if she can summon strength, the doctors will let her do it. A literary friend—to please her—has written a monologue which tells of the scene when the doctors told her she must die, and closes with her death. And this strange woman, looking forward to the end, and now in the Valley of the Shadow, longs to recite it. To a New York newspaper reporter she said the other day:

"It won't be months; not many, anyway. Father died last March, and he is lying in the little cemetery at Patch Grove, Wisconsin. I wish you could see that little cemetery. It is so, so pretty and cozy in the spring. It will be spring when they take me there—that is, if I go, as I think I will, in March."

"You know, it never looks cold or sad or lonely in our little cemetery. In summer it is just one beautiful bloom of roses—father always loved June roses—and mother and he planted a great many in our plot. I shall be there when they bloom again."

"I have absolutely no fear of death. There has, of course, been a great deal of pain. It was agony, agony, agony. And I'm so happy now to think I shall never have that awful pain again."

"Oh, yes, of course I have treatment. It's horribly painful—and I sometimes think how good it will be over there to have nothing to get pains in. I mean to have no physical body. But, ah! I'm wrong; something remains that can still pain—that can ache and ache. I mean the mind, the heart, the something we call soul."

"Won't it be lovely in Patch Grove? When summer comes I shall look down to see the roses on my grave. They're always lovely then—and you know that one of my pet ideas about heaven is that I can see and know what's going on down here. There's so much human comfort in that thought!"

"I was taken with a terrible hemorrhage in my apartments, and some one sent for the Bellevue ambulance. When the doctor came he said if he had delayed five minutes more I should have bled to death. But all the time I wasn't a bit alarmed, myself. I didn't think it was anything serious."

"Well, that night in Bellevue I had a most horrible dream. I dreamed that I was in a room alone with a great black horse. Everywhere I noted that he followed me—always with his head on my shoulder—the fright and horror he inspired me with I can't describe, because I have always loved horses—born on a stock farm, you know."

"Well, in trying to escape from him I rushed into an adjoining room. There stood my friend—him I have not. Well, I rushed to him for protection, the horse always by my side. He put out his arms, but somehow he could not clasp me, and then, looking at me sadly, he said:—'Jennie, little girl, it's too late, it's too late.' At that moment—God help me!—I suffered all the agonies possible. I knew, I knew it was my death sentence, and from his lips, then, suddenly, after what seemed to me centuries of agony, a great peace settled down on my torn heart."

"Then I knew better when the doctors told me it was all over. 'It is too late, poor little girl. Nothing can aid you. Four, five months ago there might have been time. Today you would die in the operating table. Be brave, that's a good child, and enjoy the little of life's sunshine that yet shines for you.'"

The advice was unnecessary. Never in art, fiction or nature has woman faced and awaited death more courageously, more patiently than does Jennie O'Neil Potter in her little white cot at St. Luke's Hospital in New York, where the cancer is eating her life out.

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P. O. BOX 445.

BALTIMORE, MD

TELEPHONE CALL 1576.

Mushrooms for the Million.

What is claimed to be the largest mushroom house in America is being built on the John Wyeth farm, near West Chester, Pa. It will be equipped with four tiers of beds for the growing of mushrooms, giving a total area of 196,650 square feet for the purpose.

Tons of Flowers Used.

Vast quantities of flowers are gathered for perfumery purposes. It is estimated that each year 1,540 tons of orange flowers are used, besides 330 tons of roses, 150 tons each of violets and jasmine, 75 tons of tuberose, 30 tons of carnations and 15 tons of jonquils.

Weight of London Fog.

Every day there hangs over London a vast smoke cloud that is estimated to weigh about 300 tons.

She Can Boast.

Philadelphia can boast of the longest smoothly asphalted street in the world. Broad street has that distinction. It is the only street which is of even width for eleven miles, and this width is the greatest ever attained by any street for a course of eleven miles. It is also the straightest street, for from League Island to the county line it does not vary an inch, except where the great city building causes the building to turn around. Seven miles of the street are asphalted, but the remainder is provided with a bed of fine macadam, which is about twenty miles further on.

Shoes Eight Feet Thick.

We wear away two inches of shoe leather in a year. A pair of shoes that would "last a lifetime" would, consequently, have to be provided with soles from 8 feet to 9 feet thick.

Trains Will Be Running Through the Mountain by 1900.

The Cascade tunnel of the Great Northern, one of the great railroad tunnels of the west, is rapidly nearing completion. The tunnel will be 13,253 feet in length, and its cost will exceed \$13,000,000.

This tunnel has been excavated at a point where the Cascade range is the highest, and the distance from the roof of the tunnel to the pinnacle of the mountain through which it runs is 2,300 feet. The contractors have broken all records for tunneling. Work was begun in January, 1897, and by Oct. 1 next the tunnel will be turned over to the Great Northern fully completed. It will take about thirty days to lay the track and get trains running after the tunnel is finished.

The contractors are now working two camps, one at each end. Wellington is the western end and Cascade the eastern. On Jan. 1 the tunneling had progressed 4,700 feet on the Wellington end and 4,500 feet on the Cascade end. This leaves 5,553 feet yet to be completed. Seven hundred and fifty men in all are employed, and are driving about ten feet a day on each end. The men are worked in three shifts of eight hours each, and fourteen drills are employed by each crew. The tunnel will be uniform in size all the way through, 24 feet high and 30 feet wide. The drilling is being followed up by the concrete work, so that shortly after the tunnel is cut the portion of the work will be finished. Seventy men are employed in each shift to do the tunneling, about 150 are employed at the concrete work and about fifty engineers and helpers are engaged.

When the tunnel is turned over to the Great Northern the cars will be operated through it by electricity, or some smokeless device that may yet be adapted to the work. President Hill has found nothing that promises to appear to offer more desirable service than an electric motor. The old switchback road, which climbs and crosses the Cascade mountains near the new tunnel, will give place to the new and short route via the tunnel by the end of 1900.

JOE JEFFERSON'S NAP.

Effect It Had Upon an Irish Hotel Porter.

A good story is told of an experience of Joseph Jefferson, the great actor. A number of years ago he played a one-night engagement in a small Indiana town, appearing in his favorite part of Rip Van Winkle. In the hotel in which he stopped was an Irishman "recently landed," who acted as porter and general assistant. Just before the deep and serious interest he took in the house, he might have been clerk, lessee and proprietor, rolled into one.

At about 6 o'clock in the morning Mr. Jefferson was startled by a violent thumping on the door. When he struggled into consciousness and realized that he had left no "call" order at the office he was naturally very indignant. But his sleep was spoiled for that morning, so he arose and soon after appeared before the clerk.

"See here," he demanded, "what individual, 'why was I called at this unearthly hour?"

"I don't know, sir," answered the clerk. "I'll ask Mike."

The Irishman was summoned. Said the clerk: "Mike, there was no call for Mr. Jefferson. Why did you disturb him?"

Taking the clerk by the lapel of the coat the Irishman led him to one side and said, in a mysterious whisper: "He were shoring like a horse, sir, and O'd heerd the b'ys saying as how he was once a-shaping for twenty years, so O! see to meself, see O! 'Molke, it's a coming onto him again, and it's yer juty to git the crayer out o' yer house instantly!"—Leslie's Weekly.

Texas Under Six Flags.

Scarcely another state in the union has as remarkable an interesting history as Texas. In one respect at least it occupies a unique position in the history of American states. Since its discovery six different governments have at different times claimed its allegiance and as many different flags have waved over it, those of France, Spain, Mexico, Independent Texas, the United States and the Confederate States. The foundation of Texas statehood was not laid as a British colony, nor under the grant or control of the British crown, as were those of the original thirteen states. Its first settlement dates back more than two hundred years ago, and its first American colonists went there under terms and conditions imposed by a foreign state, to whose language, laws and institutions they were total strangers.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The Willy Native.

"Nothing," says a man who spent many years in South Africa, "gives a native greater pleasure than to read the countenance of a white man when he knows the latter wants information. For a piece of tobacco he will trump up an exciting story, and for an extra quarter he will lay it on thickly. I have often seen them at this game, their eyes twinkling with delight while they have been imparting some confidential statement to myself and others; and it is quite clear that they are making wild statements as to these supposed battles and the terrible loss of life which has been inflicted upon the enemy."

The Bee.

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THE ELECTION OF DELEGATES.

The defeated candidates in the late election have cried out fraud. That is perfectly natural for them to make this cry. When people arrogate to themselves more power than they possess and are guided by egotism and conceit, it is about time that they should be taught a lesson. Preacher Lee, while he is a good man, fell into the pit that had been dug for Carson. Carson knew that he could not win, he knew that the time had come for him to retire; he knew that the people had become tired of him and he well knew that he could not win. Rev. Lee and Dr. Rayburn were led to the pen for slaughter. They were novices in politics, but behind them was an experienced and cunning fox. He laughed at the credulity of Lee and Rayburn. He was willing to pretend and make them believe that they could be elected. No man acted more fairly than Judge Cotton. He threw every safeguard around the polls. The opposition demonstrated the fact that the suffrage in this city would be an impediment to the people. Whisky was used and all kinds of schemes to defeat the administration ticket. The vote demonstrated the popularity of the administration, notwithstanding the dirty methods resorted to by the mob. Col. M. M. Parker will be the next national committeeman. He is the real representative of the people and a man who will justly represent the republican party.

THE BEE is not aware who gave the police force authority to interfere. Did those men receive their instructions from headquarters? Their conduct will be a subject of investigation.

Like a light that shines brighter and brighter, the administration of President McKinley clears up as the days go by. Much doubt and distrust were awakened by the fact that the president did not interfere in the North Carolina troubles, but the fairness of the administration is shown in its refusal to interfere in the Kentucky imbroglio. The weak kneed governor of North Carolina was too spiritless to ask for Government aid when he really needed it, while the Kentucky governor is too plucky to admit that it is necessary. The president can not constitutionally interpose his aid in Kentucky for the reason that he could not do so in North Carolina. Neither asked aid through the proper channel.

ATROCIOUS MURDER OF A NEGRO.

INCREDIBLE STORY OF BRUTALITY TO AN AGED, INOFFENSIVE COLORED MAN.

Benton, Ky., Feb. 26.—A horrible story of crime has just reached here from the Little Cyprus neighborhood, fifteen miles away. John James and Joe Greer, coming from Paducah, it is alleged, took John Thomas, an aged and inoffensive colored man, in a wagon with them, and at the point of a pistol compelled him to drink a quart of whisky and a pint of wine. They then beat him in a horrible manner, tied him to the wagon wheel, dragged him, then put him in a creek until nearly dead, shot him three times, and hung him across a fence, where he was found. The coroner's jury, after hearing the evidence, rendered a verdict declaring John James and Joe Greer responsible for the death of the Negro. Sheriff Wallace and posse have just left for the scene, and trouble is feared.

Here is another instance of the friendship of the southern people. We wonder why the white press does not denounce the whole white race as a set of British scoundrels. Had such atrocity been committed by Negroes, not only home wires but all the cables in the world would be made hot with denunciations.

tion. "Consistency thou art a jewel."

No class of the great population of the United States has a keener interest in the census than the nine million Afro Americans. By the warm friends of the race it is believed that, if only a correct census were had, favorable conditions and steady, hopeful progress would be shown, by which their arguments would be proved and those of their traducers answered. Only once in ten years this opportunity comes to place themselves upon record, an opportunity too great to be lost by ignorance or indifference or unwarranted fear. Every Afro-American leader who has the true interest of his race at heart will enter upon earnest and persistent efforts to teach them the scope and purpose of the coming census. He will explain that to be counted by the Federal Government is a right which cannot be taken away by any local or State government. All the facts reported are guarded by officials sworn to reveal no detail but simply to tabulate general results, the confidence of the individual being held sacred and inviolate. His replies to the enumerator cannot be made the basis of taxation or in any way be used to his harm.

The questions asked of colored and white citizens are exactly the same. The main features are inquiries about name, age, relationship, occupation, birthplace, ability to read and whether the home is owned or rented.

Questions concerning the occupation are of special importance. Colored persons engaged in agriculture should be prepared to report for the year 1899. Then when the enumerator comes asking the quantity, variety, and value of the crops of that year, they will be ready. The thrifty housewife should reckon the proceeds of her dairy and poultry yard. The same duty rests upon those engaged in any sort of manufacture. Without fear they may impart all the details of their business to that sworn official of the General Government who comes to them for information.

"Nothing succeeds like success." Every success of the Negro proved by Federal census facts will give him a great impetus in his forward march. In the census he is a witness in his own behalf before a court which will render a verdict without fear or favor upon his own unquestioned testimony. If he loses this opportunity the loss will rest at his own door. The Census Office will treat him as it does every other American citizen.

The Arch-braggart can come from no other state than Kentucky. Much has been said by the Kentucky gentleman about making Frankfort a graveyard, but the undertaker's business has not been more prosperous than usual. Gov. Taylor still holds the fort and is likely to hold it for aught howlers may say to the contrary. Nobody favors anarchy or defiance to constituted authority, but until these conditions are defined and interpreted by the proper tribunals, we shall still glory in the fact that Gov. Taylor is the only Southern republican governor who was not scared out of office by the bluster of cowardly would-be assassins.

The election has transpired and those who were boasting now have time to desecrate on the folly of over-confidence and to figure on how it came about. Time will show that the enemy reckoned without his host.

The Senate investigating committee is not so bad after all. True it wants to get at how things are done in educational circles, but that the committee appreciate urgent needs and seems willing to apply them is manifest in the fact that more liberal appropriations have been made this year than any previous year for a long time.

The House Committee has been unusually liberal and the Senate may be more so.

The reports of Superintendents Powell and Cook are published. Both reports are interesting and commend themselves to the careful perusal of all who are interested in the cause of education. Both reports are open to criticism from many points of view. The report of Mr. Cook does not contain Dr. Waring's report, while it includes those of the other supervising principals. Why is this? Is Dr. Waring too proud to report to his superior or did Mr. Cook fail to require it? "Upon what meat does our Caesar feed?"

MR. HELLER.

Elsewhere in this paper you will see the advertisement of Mr. Heller, 720 7th street, northwest. Mr. Heller has received letters from many states South from persons who have used his hair preparation and say that no better goods are sold in the market.

Another lady from South Carolina wrote him a few days ago and informed him that she saw his advertisement in THE BEE and requested him to send some of his hair preparation at once. You should use it and if it doesn't do as Mr. Heller says he will refund your money.

Our national committeeman seems satisfied with results, the National Committee seems pleased. Why trouble ourselves with those who can only say it might have been?

THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC.

Right education is the foundation stone of all good government. It comprehends self reliance, self consciousness, self help. Without these requisites but little head way can be made in any walk of life; especially in civilized government. The Junior Republic is probably designed to educate the youth up to the proper appreciation of the requirements of good government and to stimulate endeavor toward their accomplishment. No movement can be more laudable and no business can more profitably concern the great leaders of thought than the inculcation of a proper regard for the essential and basic elements of good society in the minds of the youth of the nation who must soon take on the conditions of government and sway it for good or ill.

It is pleasing and inspiring to note that the very best brain and experience of the nation have conspired to advance the interests of good government. President McKinley, Sen. Depew and others have shown by their presence and wise counsel the importance of the movement. They doubtless observe counter tendencies transplanted from anti-republican sources which if not checked, must inevitably produce discord, distrust and eventual overthrow of representative government, and are seeking to checkmate or destroy them by wise counter movements.

PRESIDENT GOODALL IN TOWN.

Among the prominent visitors to the Capitol is James L. Goodall, chairman of the executive committee of the Afro-American Republican League of Pennsylvania. This is the strongest political organization in the Keystone State, its membership composed entirely of colored men are an influential factor in the political activity of the banner republican commonwealth. Mr. Goodall has held his present important post in that organization for the past six years, and for the past three years has been elected by acclamation. This fact alone attests his popularity as he is an uncompromising friend of Judge Durham, Senator Quay's most trusted leader, and also Senator Boice Penrose. The League is almost equally divided in its political sentiment between the Quakers and the Anti-Quakers. Mr. Goodall has been doing some quiet talking with national statesmen since coming here in reference to the approaching campaign, and incidentally urging the seating of Pennsylvania's favorite son, Hon. M. S. Quay. The Goodall Republican Beneficial Association, which bears his name, and one of the most influential political and social organizations in the Quaker City, will entertain the colored visitors and delegates who attend the National Republican Convention, which meets in that city next June. Mr. Goodall is an uncompromising supporter of President McKinley and is in all things a race man, first, last, and all the time. He is a jolly good fellow and will always receive a royal welcome whenever he comes among us.

BANQUET TO W. CALVIN CHASE.

A banquet will be tendered W. Calvin Chase, recently elected delegate on the ticket with Dr. J. E. Jones to represent the District at the Republican National Convention. The plan of the committee in charge of the affair is an elaborate one. Many persons of national reputation have subscribed and will be present. The committee is as follows: Samuel G. Thompson, chairman; Richard E. Foomey, W. T. Menard, J. W. Patterson, Thomas L. Jones, and Col. William Murrell.

ESLORT CLUB FORMED.

There was a meeting of the republicans of the District held last Wednesday evening, at 515 Q street northwest, for the purpose of organizing a W. Calvin Chase Republican Escort Club. The club organized by electing Charles Freeman, president; C. H. Watson, vice president; Dennis Brown, secretary; Frank Simpson, correspondent secretary; Joe E. Young, treasurer; Joseph Harris, chaplain, and Wm. Henry, marshal. The club's membership will be grown to be composed of young representative republicans. A resolution was adopted to the effect that the club become the escort of W. Calvin Chase to the national republican convention, June 19. The uniform adopted is black silk hats, black pants, linen dusters and white cane.

THE PORTORICAN TARIFF.

"The Porto Rican Tariff: Its Constitutional, Commercial and Political Aspects" will be discussed by Prof. L. M. Hershaw tomorrow afternoon before the Second Baptist Yecum. This is the question of the hour, and Mr. Hershaw's reputation as a scholar and a student of economics guarantees a careful and logical presentation of the subject at issue. Musical selections will be rendered by competent artists. Exercises begin promptly at 3:30 p. m., and Mr. R. W. Thompson, who has returned from the West, will preside.

DR. DE BAUSSET'S AIRSHIP

He Says It Will Take a Trip to Paris Soon.

IT MAY NOT WORK WELL

Will Float a Steel Cylinder by Means of a Vacuum Four and One-Half Miles Up in the Air—He Has Also a Company to Float.

Who wants to go to the Paris Exposition by air-line? Any person possessing the requisite courage to disport himself at an altitude of four and one-half miles and the requisite cash to pay a fare of nearly ten times the cost of passage by water, may have the opportunity to cleave the upper air at the rate of 100 miles an hour and make Paris in thirty hours from this city, says the New York Sun, according to the plans and specifications of an aeronautical engineer who has been stirring about in the flying-machine market. He is Dr. A. De Bausset, and that he means business of one sort or another is shown by the fact that he has organized a stock company to float his airship—financially, that is, for he says that it will float itself otherwise—and, announcing his capital at \$100,000, offers one million shares at \$100 a share. His airship is to be the biggest thing in the balloon line ever thought of; it is to ascend by the vacuum principle, and it will have a capacity of 1,000 passengers.

Theoretically, Dr. De Bausset's idea of a vacuum airship is an excellent one, to all appearances. He has been studying on it for nearly twenty years, he says, and he is not only sure of his figures and plans but he has the testimony of competent engineers as to the correctness of his constructional mathematics. Here are the principal characteristics of the craft as set forth by the inventor:

The ascensional force of overcoming gravitation is to be obtained by pumping air out from within the cylinder and causing it to raise its own weight of 250 tons, including the car fastened under it, which contains all the apparatus for propelling and steering the aerial vessel.

The maximum altitude contemplated to be reached for interoceanic travels is four and one-half miles.

The apparatus will consist of forty exhaustors, each capable of exhausting 36,000 cubic feet of air per minute. Eight of these propellers are to be used as steering apparatus, forcing the air so exhausted at any angle desired for obtaining the direction wanted. The other thirty-two propellers are to be located directly under the cylinder—vacuum and are to be rigidly bolted at the top of the cylinder, their base resting upon the hurricane deck of the car, which car itself is to be rigidly fastened to the cylinder. In order to render the whole construction so solid that no swaying can take place.

The mechanical power is taken at a maximum of 20,000 pounds. The power required to propel a craft of this type at sea level will become three times more effective in navigating the sky at four and one-half miles altitude, owing to the decrease of barometric pressure, and the speed will be proportionately increased.

"We are almost ready to begin work on it," says the inventor. "A site was offered us in New Jersey, but we have picked out a place on Long Island and shall probably commence the building at once. Capital has come in both from this country and from Europe and I think we shall have enough to start on at once."

"How long will it take to build the ship?"

"We want and intend to build twenty ships at once," replied the inventor, "so as to have a fleet ready to go all over the world, and that would take a year, but first we shall build one to go to the Paris Exposition and hurry it up as fast as possible. By working day and night we expect to get it completed in time for the Exposition."

"Don't you expect to find difficulty in getting any one to try the trip?"

"No, indeed," said the inventor emphatically. "I have already had applications from people in this country and in Europe who are eager to go and willing to pay the \$1,000 passage to experience the novelty of flying through the air and escaping the miseries of sea sickness."

"How much will it cost to build one of these ships?" asked the reporter.

"About half a million dollars, according to my most careful estimate," answered Dr. De Bausset. "You see air navigation will not be as expensive as sea navigation in the first instance. The reason for the high passage rates is that we can carry no freight to speak of. Besides we don't expect much competition in our line and it will be worth the price to travel so swiftly and comfortably between here and the other continents of the world. We shall not limit ourselves to transatlantic travel but shall go all over the universe when we get our fleet built. Also we shall discover the North Pole and the South Pole."

The great problem of aeronautics has always been to build an airship which should be dirigible. Many experimenters have constructed so-called dirigible balloons, but balloons have either failed to steer according to plan and specification or the inventors have failed to reckon successfully with the wandering winds of heaven. A case in point is that of a Brooklyn man named Campbell, who, about twenty-five years ago set out from this city for Europe in a "dirigible" airship. Mr. Campbell has not been heard of since, and it is confidently predicted by students of aerial navigation and other persons that he never will be.

It would appear that soldiers are hit during battle according to the color of their dress in the following order: Red is the most fatal color; Austrian gray is the least fatal. The proportions are: Red, 12; rifle green, 7; brown, 6; Austrian bluish-gray, 5.

A performance of "William Tell" was given in Switzerland not long ago in a large meadow at the foot of a mountain, a wooden theatre having been erected for the purpose. Tell was represented by a soldier of gigantic build.



THOMAS L. JONES, ESQ.

JUSTICE BRADLEY UPHOLD.

THE LAW KNOWS NO SUCH CHARGE AS "SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER."

The Accusation Held to Be No Evidence of Crime.—The Opinion of the Court of Appeals Concerning a Ruling in the Habeas Corpus Proceedings in the Case of George Frazier.

The Court of Appeals Tuesday handed down an opinion sustaining the ruling of Justice Bradley, declaring that there is no such offence known to the law as "suspicious character," and that it is unlawful that persons should be arrested on information charging such an offence. Justice Bradley rendered his opinion in this matter in connection with the habeas corpus proceedings instituted for the release of one George Frazier, colored, who was arrested as a suspicious person and sentenced to confinement in the District jail for a term of four months. After hearing argument on the question by District Attorney A. B. Duvall and Clarence A. Brandenburg, Assistant District Attorney, representing the District, and Messrs. Thomas L. Jones, W. Calvin Chase, and Perrie W. Frisby, representing the petitioner, Justice Bradley ordered Frazier released from confinement.

In discussing the matter the Court of Appeals held that general suspicion, without even a reference to a propensity or intent to commit some particular crime or offence against the law regulations of the government must be conceded to be wholly inoperative and without effect as a definition of crime.

The court holds that "mere suspicion is no evidence of crime of any particular kind, and it forms no element in the constitution of crime. Suspicion may exist without even the knowledge of the party who is the object of suspicion as the matter of which he is suspected. The suspicion may be generated in the mind of one or more persons without even colorable foundation of truth for the suspicion; and yet the party, the object of the suspicion may, under the statute upon which the prosecution against the appellee was founded, be seized and imprisoned, tried and convicted, merely because some person or police officer may have concluded to be wholly inoperative and without effect as a definition of crime."

"Of what suspected and what degree of suspicion exists must always be the thought that occurs upon such a charge as that made in this case. But here the party is charged, in an abstract way, of being a suspicious person, merely, there being no act or conduct of his mentioned in the statute to which suspicion could relate. How is he to meet such a charge? Suspicion as a conception of the mind, is well defined as the imagination of the existence of something upon little or no evidence; doubt, mistrust, and so the adjective term suspicious, descriptive of quality or condition of a person, as

well as the party suspecting as the party suspected, is defined, as apt to imagine with little or no reason; distrustful, liable or open to suspicion; exciting suspicion giving reason or ground to suspect or imagine ill.

"The judgment and sentence of the Police Court are assailed in this case upon the ground that the act of Congress, under which the prisoner was convicted and sentenced, is in respect to the particular offence charged, unconstitutional, or is so indefinite as to this particular offence as to be void without effect. If this position is well taken, it affects the foundation of the whole proceeding. For, as said by the Supreme Court, 'An unconstitutional law is void and is as no law. An offence created by it is not a crime, the conviction under it is not merely erroneous, but illegal and void, and cannot be a legal cause of imprisonment.'"

The court cites a number of cases holding that the law is unconstitutional. Continuing the court says:

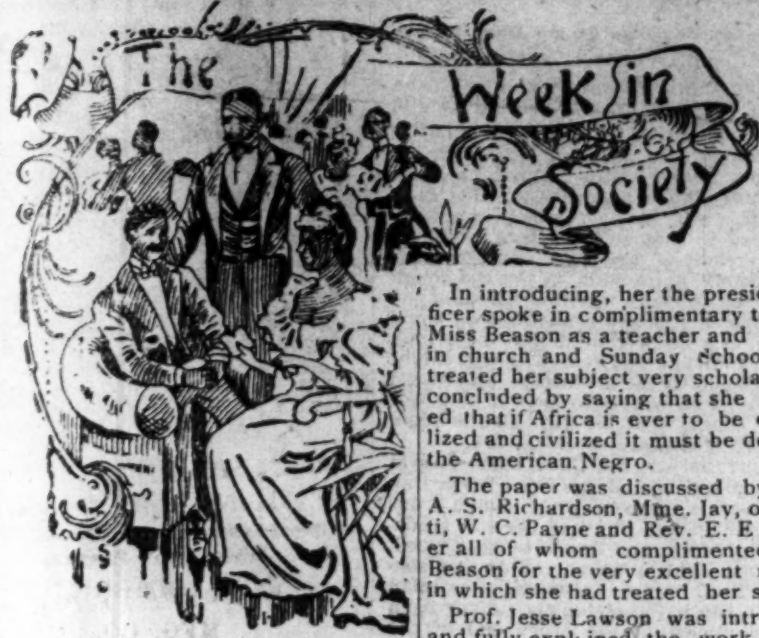
"We are, of course, sensible of the fact that in only in cases where legislative power has been clearly transcended in declaring that to be law which is not within legislative competency, that courts are justified in declaring any particular provision of an act of Congress void and without effect; and especially where the act relates to matters within the District of Columbia over which Congress has full and exclusive legislative power. But there are certain fundamental rights of person and property, even in this District, that are beyond the power of Congress to disregard or violate."

"The rights secured to persons and property by the fourth and eighth amendments to the Constitution are among such rights. The power of Congress to legislate for this District in matters of police, are certainly very large, and necessarily so, but there are certain fundamental maxims of a free government that would seem to require that the rights of personal liberty and private property should be held sacred. At least, no court of justice in this country would be warranted in assuming that power to violate and disregard them linked under any general grant of legislative authority, or ought to be implied from any general expressions that may be found in any of the articles of the Constitution."

Unless an appeal is taken by the District authorities to the Supreme Court of the United States, the effect of this opinion will be to restrain the local police from arresting persons on the mere suspicion that they are not law abiding. Hundreds of persons, perhaps thousands of persons have been arrested in the District and charged with being suspicious characters. Many of these have been strangers in the city, without friends, no means of proving to the Police Court judges who they were, what brought them to the city, what were their intentions in coming, how long they intended to stay, where they came from or whether they were bound. Most of those arrested on the charge of being suspicious persons belong to the class known as tramps.

PERRIE W. FRISBY, ESQ.





In introducing her the presiding officer spoke in complimentary terms of Miss Beason as a teacher and worker in church and Sunday school. She treated her subject very scholarly and concluded by saying that she believed that if Africa is ever to be evangelized and civilized it must be done by the American Negro.

The paper was discussed by Prof. A. S. Richardson, M. J. Jay, of Fayette, W. C. Payne and Rev. E. E. Cooper all of whom complimented Miss Beason for the very excellent manner in which she had treated her subject.

Prof. Jesse Lawson was introduced and fully explained the work of the Afro-American Council and the efforts in raising funds to test the constitutionality of the Louisiana Election law.

Miss Blanche Coleman of Northeast Washington sang a solo and surprised the audience by the volume and sweetness of her voice.

Tomorrow at 3:30 p. m., Rev. A. P. Miller pastor of Lincoln Memorial Church will address the Lyceum on "The Relations of the Pulpit to the Public Questions."

DEPARTMENT OF SECRET ORDERS.

COLORED MASONS INCORPORATED.

FORM UNITED MASONIC BUILDING ASSOCIATION UNDER DISTRICT LAWS.

The colored Freemasons, F. A. A. M., of the United States, including the Scottish Rite and Mystic Shriners, filed articles of incorporation yesterday under the title of the United Masonic Temple Building Association. The capital stock is \$25,000, to be sold at \$1 per share, non-assessable and full paid. The prime object of the association is to buy real estate in the District of Columbia, and build thereon a suitable Masonic Temple, to accommodate all the various departments, including the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia making this city permanent headquarters. The officers elected are, J. W. Jones, president; H. C. Scott, financial secretary; John S. Brent, treasurer; all of Washington. John G. Jones, of Chicago, is chairman of the board of directors, eleven in number, who are charged with the control and management of affairs. The vice presidents and other officers are distributed throughout all sections of the country. The order is said to be about 50,000 strong.

Our attention has been called often to the words Bogus and Spurious Masonic Bodies. Lots of individuals who make use of the words above enumerated don't know the meaning of them. We desire to state that our Information Bureau possess a complete History of Freemasonry, giving authentic origin of the Order all over the world, and all Departments. The difference between spurious bodies and regular bodies is simple and plain. For illustration, let a set of men run across the street and enter a room, and there proceed to confer degrees &c., and then set themselves up for the order proper they are spurious; on the other hand, let a set of men bolt from the body that made them they become irregular. The regular bodies are those that are in bonds with each other by system of alliance, hence the irregular or spurious bodies can not be recognized by the regular bodies. There has been a great kick about the word compact. We find that in looking over matters, that our white brethren use compact in all of their masonic bodies with the exception of the Blue or Symbolic. We find that there is a disposition on the part of a certain element that is opposing the compact (for a bind) to follow in the footsteps of the compact. What is State right? It means to only have jurisdiction over the States that you reside in. We find certain individuals in a certain order that we know claiming to be States rights and bitterly opposed to the compact going into States where Grand Lodges are formed and have been in operation years, and issuing charters to lodges for right under their nose, yet they are opposed to compact, but there is a time coming that light will appear out of darkness. The only time that a Grand Lodge can legally go into a State and charter lodges is when there is no Grand Lodge established. In the near future interesting facts will be shown relative to the Order of Eastern Star. There are several factions working in this country.

The funeral of Rev. William Waring was largely attended at the Metropolitan Baptist church last Monday afternoon two weeks.

A pretty hop was given by Miss E. Janifer, Miss West, Misses Smith, Burk and other ladies at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Lewis, 1619 3rd st. n. w., Tuesday evening, which was greatly enjoyed by those participating. Miss Annie Gilliam, the pianist. Dancing was indulged in until twelve o'clock, after which a sumptuous supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis and Miss Cropper made everything pleasant for their friends.

Mrs. Fields and her little granddaughter, Miss Lucile, of North Carolina, are visiting Miss Mamie Brooks of Capitol Hill.

Miss Mary Over is somewhat indisposed this week.

Miss Florence Freeman of Brookland is spending a very pleasant time with her sister, Mrs. Louise Austin Burleigh, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Dorsey Seville is still quite ill and not expected to recover.

EARL'S ETCHINGS.

Mrs. Bertha Hardy Gorgas, of Philadelphia, Pa., is the guest of Mrs. Susan Fisher, 2510 11th street n. w.

We note with pleasure the appointment of Miss Florence Matthews as subscription clerk of THE BEE.

Mr. James R. Brown, of Toronto, Canada, is in the city the guest of Miss M. L. Crusoe 1625 Seventeenth street.

The present public school muddle is a sensation that needs watching.

Little Jennie Richardson, the daughter of Public chool Trustee, Dr. Geo. H. Richardson, has been confined to her bed for a week.

Many marriages are booked for the next three months.

It is rumored a few will take place in the schools.

Mrs. M. G. Curry, of 423 Q street, continues to be quite ill. Her many friends wish her speedy recovery.

The recent entertainment given by Fifteenth street Presbyterian Sunday School for the purpose of replenishing the library with books proved a grand success. A handsome sum was realized from the proceeds.

THE CONGRESSIONAL LYCEUM.

Sunday afternoon last Miss H. H. Beason addressed the Congressional Lyceum at Oddfellows Hall. Miss Beason is one of our most popular teachers and the vice president of the Christian Endeavor Society of Mt. Zion Church West Washington.

A GIRL SEES JAPAN

AND TELLS WHAT SHE THINKS ABOUT IT.

Etiquette is an important part of a Japanese Maiden's Education, and a Deal of Care is Given to the Arrangement of the Girdle.

Miss Ethel Maud Soper, a student at the Women's College, was born in Japan and lived there a long time. She is the daughter of the Rev. Julius Soper, of the Methodist Church, who has been a missionary in Japan. Miss Soper speaks as follows of the difference between a Japanese girl and an American girl:

"The first remark made after an introduction is, 'And what might be your honorable age?' And you are sure that if the answer be a Japanese she will give her full age and even be tempted to add a year or two. This is the indispensable question in polite society. There is even a special costume which only women over 80 may wear. The long, dull-colored garment cannot be altered, but the lining of the sleeves and neckpiece are made of the most brilliant scarlet. The sandals are laced with scarlet thongs, and a close skullcap of the same color completes the dress.

"The dress of a Japanese girl is made of straight pieces sewed together. Japanese sewing is very different from ours. There are no ruffles, no gathers, no bias folds, the fashions never change, and a girl may wear her mother's or grandmother's frock without a thought of fit or fashion. There are however, prescribed dresses for different classes of society. A Japanese can tell at a glance, but a European will get hopelessly bewildered at the class distinctions indicated by a tiny thread of color in the sleeve or slight variation in the way of wearing the hair.

"The upper class Japanese girl usually has a loose garment of some dull color lined with brighter tint. Our fashion of putting bright silk linings in our coats came from Japan. A ball dress might be of a dove-colored crepe with a pink lining; the skirt showing beneath this might be hand-painted most elaborately. The neck-piece showing above the loose outer garment is often of variegated silks, beautifully ornamented.

"But the most interesting article of a Japanese girl's toilet to herself is her belt. First a width of crepe is wound around the waist to hold the dress in right position; over this comes the belt proper. It is often at least 16 inches wide; made of any substance, but always lined with some heavy material like cotton flannel. Some of these broad belts, with laces, which come from the shoulder to the feet, cost as much as \$200 or \$300. It takes a good deal of skill to set the belts on just right, and a large part of a Japanese girl's education consists in learning exactly how to do it.

"I taught a princess once who was very close to the throne. She would come to my house with several attendants, and in the most costly robes, but if the weather was warm she would be barefooted.

"The hair is dressed very elaborately and always by a hairdresser. The fashion of pulling the hair over cushions, or 'rats,' as schoolgirls call them, is a Japanese importation. The past fashion, too, of wearing bangs comes from another Japanese way of wearing the hair. They fix their hair once, or at most twice a week, for it stays fixed until the hairdresser calls again. For fear the structure will get tumbled when she is asleep, the Japanese girl dispenses with pillows and sleep with a wooden rest under the back of the neck and the head quite unsupported.

"Very comfortable it must be, but a Japanese girl like an American girl will do a great deal for the sake of appearing well.

"Etiquette is an important part of a Japanese girl's education. There are professors of etiquette in Japanese schools, just as there are professors in languages, and a girl must know how to enter a room, how to introduce and all the numberless rules of precedence. All men, of course, take precedence of all women, unless they have been Christianized, then they assume our ways with woman-kind.

"One specimen of this exaggerated politeness is in their salutation. Where we would say, 'I am glad to see you,' they would say, 'I hang upon your honorable eyelids.'

"The Japanese girl is apt to be indolent. Knitting was a great occupation with them, and now that the Europeans have taught them other kinds of work they go wild with delight over crochet stitches and different kinds of embroidery. Almost the only game that the girls play is bat-tledore and shuttlecock. They do this a great deal, looking pretty and picturesque when they play, just as if they had stepped off a Japanese fan.

"It was always very hard for the missionaries to get hold of the women of the family. When they called only the men and the children would appear, and when the wife was asked for, 'O she is just a stupid thing,' the loving husband would protest.

"A woman has little control over her life. She marries at the will of her father or elder brother, often without seeing her future husband till she is led to the altar. The man, too, is governed by his father, who selects the bride. But human beings are the same everywhere, and there are some genuine love matches, even in Japan.

"There is no furniture in a Japanese house, only cushions. A table for meals is so small that it looks like a tray. The difference between the house of a poor man and the residence of a millionaire consists in the timber of which the house is built. You cannot find a knot in the wood of a beautifully-built house. Then the matting on the floor will be of the finest and the sliding doors, perhaps, beautifully hand-painted. The kitchen, too, have no furniture except the stove; there is not even a table; all the work is done on the floor. As you can imagine, it is beautifully clean. There is just one peculiarity in this housecleaning—the kitchen floor must be washed with cold water only. It is never actually washed, however, but rubbed over with cloths wrung from cold water. And it shines beautifully, like the finest mahogany table."—Baltimore News.

DOG A DETECTIVE.

Animal Belonging to the Police at Shanghai Gave Valuable Aid.

There has just died in the central police station in Shanghai perhaps one of the most faithful and intelligent animals of the dumb creation, and one which was truly regarded by the Shanghai police as the "police dog," a mute but sagacious companion, whose death has been regretted by the whole force. Nigger at his death was 25 years old, eleven of which he had served in the Shanghai police force. His record in the service shows that he has actually been in both the public and the secret departments of the police, and had been the means of effecting the arrest of many notorious criminals. Nigger, remarks the China Gazette, was a personality in the force, petted as much by the superintendent as he was by the constables, both European and native. He was moreover, part and parcel of them, for he visited them on their usual beats, was patted, and with a gentle tail wag traveled onward to meet the next officer. The dog, too, became a general favorite, because he used to remain out on "night duty," and never considered that his patrol was up till the morning round was finished. When he was on night duty he used to enter the station at 3 o'clock to get his coffee. After that Nigger would trot out again and continue his round till morning. An inspector of the police force, speaking of the death of the dog, states that he was as good as a detective, and that on many occasions Nigger had been the means of arresting lawbreakers in cases where the police had failed. Several notable instances are recorded. It is well known that Nigger secured the arrest of a criminal who escaped from the Hong-Kew police station. The convict was in for a term of years, and his escape from the station was apparently unperceived until Nigger took up the chase. The dog pursued the man for two miles, the while biting him on the heels. The runaway dropped and the police came upon him. One of the most remarkable instances of canine fidelity perhaps in modern times was this: About three months ago two European police officers were going up the Nanjing road at about midnight. Nigger, who had been with them, was missed. A few minutes afterward the animal made its reappearance, when it began pawing at the legs of its master, Sergeant Madsen, who knew then there was something wrong. Both officers proceeded to ascertain post, piloted by Nigger, who at once put his front paws against the door of a house and returned to scratch his master. The dog again went to the door and actually by his front paws burst it open, and then it was that the officers discovered a criminal who was on private property for the supposed purpose of committing a felony and who was subsequently convicted and sentenced to three months' hard labor.

"There are among the many acts which made Nigger's name famous in Shanghai, not only among the members of the police force, but among many private residents who knew him by his reputation. The Shanghai police force is inconceivable. The funeral is attended by a considerable number of a sergeant—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE ANGLER FISH.

His Mammoth Mouth Snaps on What-ever Touches the Projecting Fin.

Most remarkable of strange fishes is the angler-fish, whose very name seems a paradox. The fishing-fish, nevertheless, is a reality, and a stern one to all who approach those awful laws of his. With a body the color of mud he generally lies in the shadow of some rock on the bottom of the sea, waiting motionless for the approach of his prey. He is provided with an odd kind of fin just over the mouth, and this is held out in front of him to give warning of the coming of something to be swallowed. One taken alive was experimented on, and it was found that if this projecting fin was touched with a stick, even though the stick did not come near the mouth, the jaws closed convulsively. This shows that the fin by some provision nature closes the jaw as soon as it is touched. The mouth is tremendous, growing to the width of a foot when the whole fish is only three feet long. One of these anglers was caught not long since, and though it was only twenty-five inches long, a fish fifteen inches long was found sticking in its throat. The angler is provided with peculiar teeth set in double or treble rows along the jaws and at the entrance of the throat. Some of these teeth are a foot long. He is not a pretty fish to look at, but he attends strictly to business and will swallow anything that touches his warning fin, whether it is meat for food or not. All kinds of things have been found in the stomachs of anglers, from bits of lead and stone to fish almost as large as the angler itself. This is without doubt one of the most peculiar and interesting fish in the whole ocean.—N. Y. Sun.

BURIED MILLIONS.

Our Cemeteries Would Make Rich Mines, Says an Undertaker.

"From my own observations I estimate that there must be property to the value of several millions of dollars buried in our cemeteries," said an undertaker recently to the writer.

"Scarcely a funeral takes place, especially among the well-to-do people, without some article of pecuniary worth being consigned to the earth, either on the body or in the coffin with it.

"Wedding rings are generally allowed to remain, and quite frequently jewelry of a far more valuable nature. I remember one case where the deceased, a young girl, was decked with about \$1,500 worth of jewelry and trinkets. She had been married only a few weeks before her death, and they were the presents she had received during the days of her courtship. Her husband insisted on their being buried with her.

"In another instance a very wealthy man, who had been in his time a famous all-round athlete, made it one of the condition of his will that all his prizes and trophies—consisting for the most part of gold and silver-ware—should be placed in the grave with his body, inclosed in a separate receptacle."—Cin. Enquirer.

In battle only one ball out of eighty-five takes effect.

S. KANN, SONS & CO.

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ALWAYS THE BEST OF EVERYTHING FOR THE LEAST MONEY!

The Cloak serves a Notable spread of Values.

Feminine fondness for beautiful apparel is to be pleased by the stock we have gathered. There's one feature we desire to emphasize above the superabundance of the goods, and that is prices. We conquered in various ways, but principally through hard search and with diplomacy with which we fought months ahead of the usual time. The results are better made garments—more carefully designed and lower in price.

Half a hundred Fine Twilled Habit Cloth Suits, with nobby double-breasted Eton jackets—scallop front and tight back—new flare skirt, shown in a line of Tans, Grays, Oxford and Blues. Positive \$7.98 values. Reduced to \$5.00

Ladies' Fine All wool Suits in vicuna cloth—in Black, Cadet, Oxford, Gray, Royal and Brown. Every jacket lined with standard taffeta silk—skirt with new box pleat and flare—we guarantee them the best \$12 value in town. Reduced to \$6.98

Women's Superior Habit Cloth Suits, in pretty Tans, Grays, Browns, Castors, Mode, Navy, Royal and Black—nobby tight-fitting or flare front jackets and box back skirts. Don't fail to see them at the low price of \$10.00

Women's Scotch Gray Homespun Suits, made of the new plaid-back material—latest Eton and tight-fitting effect—jackets and skirts slashed and finished and made with the new flare or box pleated backs. They are the \$16.50 kind. Reduced to \$12.98

Woman's suit made of the finest twilled cheviot, with stylish Eton jacket and new Grecian fold back skirt. The entire costume is handsomely applied in silk, making a strikingly swell gown. Ordinarily the price should be \$25.00. By a special effort we start the season at \$17.50

Tailor-made Suits, cut from the finest Venetian cloth, represented in a rich line of Tans, Castors, Mode, Royal, Navy and Black. Made with the new nobby tight-fitting jacket—lined with taffeta silk, and finely finished. The skirts have the new box pleat, and are lined with the best quality of percale. \$25.00 is the actual selling price of this suit. We make a special effort at \$19.75

Women's Fine Imported Broadcloth Suits, lined throughout with silk—jackets are the new double-breasted and tight fitting out. Skirts are of the new flare and box effect. All sizes from 32 to 44. We call special attention to the cloth in this suit, which is thoroughly sponged before making. A \$45.00 value that we'll start off at \$25.00

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NEW SPRING SUIT?



that will fit you for a queen's taste? I don't fail to all places of business, 637 F street, northwest, on Monday and examine his new line of goods that you desire to see. Do you want

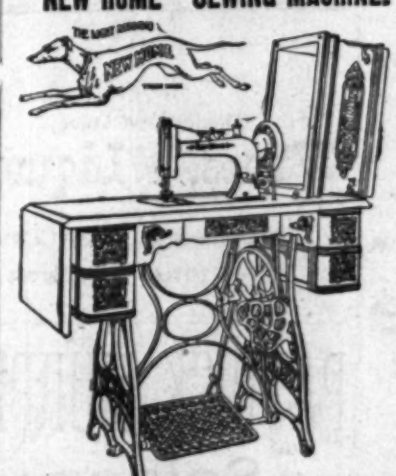
A NEW STYLE SUIT?



If you want to look nice, Horn has man who knows how to fit you. You have a hump in your back or broken leg, Horn knows how to cure he defects. Do you want a

If you want a new spring suit made from imported goods, Horn the tailor, will make you a new suit. Give him a call at once. 637 F street, n.w. 3

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M. TO 5 P. M.

WAYS OF CARRYING MONEY.

Of All These the Average Woman's Is
Set Forth as the Worst.

A great many men have cranny ideas about prepping their bills for ready handling. One plan is to fold each bill separately, keeping the denominations apart in the various divisions of their pocketbooks. This method facilitates the search for the desired sum when making a purchase. This is almost a sure guard against passing out a bill of the wrong denomination.

Then there are men who make a neat roll of all their bills. The first is rolled by itself to about the size of a lead pencil, the next he lapped about it and so on to the end. Then a rubber band is placed about the entire lot. When it is desired to use one of the bills the rubber is removed and the end of the first bill caught between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand while the roll is held between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand. Then the bill is quickly unwound, none of the others being disturbed.

A great many men never carry a pocketbook. One reason for this is that a well-worn purse more easily slips from the pocket than a roll of bills. Then, again, the bulk of a pocketbook is annoying; it takes up too much room, especially where the pants are made snug. When pocketbooks are not carried a favorite receptacle is the watch pocket. When this is used the bills are made up into a little hard bunch. Their presence is always felt against the body. In a crowd there is no danger of losing them, and when traveling with any considerable sum this is a safe deposit.

Some men have a fad of carrying a lot of new bills in an envelope, which is kept in an inside pocket. Now and then a man is found who keeps a few bills in every pocket. He goes on the theory that if he is robbed of one lot, a sufficient amount remains in the pockets of his waistcoat. These bills are always of large denominations and folded once. When a man brings forth his reserved funds it will be found that all the bills have a smooth, bright appearance. They have been with him so long that they are as flat as a sheet from a letter press.

Very few men in this country carry coins in purses. In England purses are common. The material is generally pigskin, but undressed kid is also used extensively. The former have two compartments, one for small gold coins and the other for silver. It is sometimes amusing to watch a man with a little undressed kid bag pay his fare on the street cars, especially if he is wearing thick, dogskin gloves. Only conductors with great patience can watch the proceeding with complacency. A woman can pick out five pennies beneath a roll of bills in considerably less time than it takes the man with the kid purse to bring forth a nickel. One reason that the kid purse is not popular is because it feels like the half of a small dumb-bell in the pocket when fairly well filled. In London it is the proper thing to carry a pigskin, owing to the large circulation of sovereigns. It is essential to keep the gold and silver separate in order to avoid mistakes.—Boston Herald.

Theory of Hunger.

We all know when we are hungry, but we do not know why we are hungry? The unscientific person will reply that we are hungry because we need food, and this is certainly true. Professor Appenheimer, of Heidelberg, agrees with this, but he agrees that there is much more to be said on the subject.

According to the professor, the sensation of hunger is felt by the human being whenever the food supply that nourishes the stomach is deficient in quality. On the other hand, the longing for food disappears whenever the stomach is filled, for at that time, through the process of digestion, the necessary supply of blood is furnished for the nourishment of the stomach. This rule does not hold good in the case of many invalids, as, for example, those suffering from chlorosis, since various tests show that they do not feel hunger even when there is no food in their stomachs.

The reason for this, says the professor, is because there is, as a rule, too much blood in the vessels that serve for purposes of nutrition. Whenever the stomach is more or less out of order in consequence of a deficient blood supply, a certain stimulus acts on the nerves, which are thus excited until they cause the well-known sensation known as hunger.

A Farewell Sermon.

A clergyman in the west country had two curates, one a comparatively old man, the other very young. With the former he had not been able to work agreeably, and on being invited to another living he accepted it, and took the young curate with him. Naturally there was a farewell sermon, and we can imagine the feelings of the curate who was to be left behind when he heard the text given out, "Abide ye here with the ass, and the lad will go yonder and worship."—Denver Post.

Centenary of Electricity.

"Electricity as we know it" is just 100 years old. In 1799 the Italian scientist Volta gave definite form to the method of producing the current, and it is from his name that we have the name "voltage" to describe the force of the current, and "volt" as the unit of that measurement.

A Pertinent Query.

Brown—Come around to my house to-night and we'll have a quiet little game.

Towne—When did your wife leave?

—New York World.

ONE GAVE RELIEF.

The Journey of a Cough Drop Across
the Hall to a Woman.

The clever Russian violinist who who charmed all his hearers at the Peabody recital, on Friday, was not to blame for the incident. Although his name begins with something that sounds like a sneeze and ends in a "koff," yet the outbreak cannot be traced to that source. It was simply the result of the cold weather, and, probably, a draught. When the cough started the lady who found herself the victim of it was as mortified as could be. She knew that it was disturbing the audience and feared that it might give pain to the performer. She would have given worlds to have it stop, but the cough went on with all the regularity of a piece of clockwork.

But there was a Good Samaritan in the audience, and this Good Samaritan happened to have a box of cough drops in her pocket. She had been to a concert before, and knew what a good, strong, healthy cough can do to a sonata in C minor. Her fellow woman with the irritated tonsils sat far from her, almost at the other end of the large room—but that made no difference. She must have a cough drop, and must have it right away. The noise must be stopped. She could not get up and carry the drop to the cougher. That would make the disturbance worse than it was. There was but one way to do it. The cough drop must be passed down the line. So she wrapped it up in a piece of paper, asked her neighbor to pass it on, and thus started it on its mission of peace. There was a smile, there was even a number of perceptible titters as it made its way slowly from lady to another. Some of them insisted on unwrapping the little bundle and making a special study of the drop, and more than one came near laughing in meeting when they found what burden they were bearing. But, in spite of all obstacles, the cough drop reached its goal and at once did its work.

A more grateful woman than the one to whom it was sent did not sit in the hall, and no one enjoyed the recital more than the Good Samaritan.—Baltimore American.

ALL FOR TWO CENTS.

A Letter Delivered Seven Thousand
Miles Away in Forty Days.

It may not be out of place to give an illustration of the vast distances a letter may travel on the strength of a two-cent postage stamp. Suppose one of the girl readers of the Companion in Key West, Fla., has a brother in the Klondike region, who has risked all to dig fortunes from mother earth, and writes to tell him the news from home. She drops the letter in the post-office at Key West, and it starts on its long journey. It does not, of necessity, travel in a straight line, but must follow the twistings and turnings of the railroads, which have complete charge of it until the northwest corner of the State of Washington is reached. When it arrives at Seattle it has passed through fourteen states, and yet, so far as time is concerned, but a fourth of its journey has been accomplished.

It now takes a sea voyage from Seattle to Juneau, Alaska, and from the latter place is carried, as I have already described, to Circle City. It may be taken from there by friendly hands farther into the Klondike country, and finally delivered into the hands of the anxious brother, who has been eagerly awaiting the arrival of the next party from the nearest town in which a postoffice is conducted, in the hope that some one would bring him a letter. The letter has now traveled in the neighborhood of 7,000 miles—by railroad, steamboat, stage, horseback and, perhaps, dog sled—and has been on the road for nearly forty days without a moment's rest.

No profit, in money, accrues to the government for delivering that letter; indeed, each letter sent into the Klondike costs the government for transportation many times the amount of postage charged.—Youth's Companion.

While Sleeping.

It is not while we work and worry over the affairs of life that we grow old. It is while we sleep, according to Flynn, the celebrated English physiologist.

Mr. Flynn leads us to this conclusion through his advocacy of the mid-night dinner plan.

"No midday luncheon" for brain workers," said Mr. Flynn. It impairs the mental powers and interrupts the train of thought.

Then Mr. Flynn proceeds to advocate a before-going-to-bed meal. "It is necessary to repair the waste that goes on at night," he said. "The waste of a long night of fast is beyond calculation. The stomach should be well filled with nourishing food to counteract the loss. This is especially true of anxious persons."

Mr. Flynn points out the fact that most persons look pale and fatigued as they get up in the morning. "I have heard dozen of friends say that they look five years older on rising than retiring, and it is true. If you would not grow old while you sleep be sure that you are well nourished before retiring. The body ages faster from hunger than time."

Calendar Curiosity.

January and October of the same year always begin with the same day. So do April and July, also September and December, February, March and November also begin with the same day. New Year's day and St. Sylvester's day also fall on the same day, except, of course, in leap year. Each day in the week has served as a day of rest somewhere; Sunday among Christians, Monday with the Greeks, Tuesday with the Persians, Wednesday with the Assyrians, Thursday with the Egyptians, Friday with the Turks and Saturday with the Jews.

Known by His Wife.

Many of the papers thought it sufficient to say when Captain Gordon Chesney Wilson was shot by the Boers the other day that "Lady Wilson's husband" had been wounded. What encouragement is there for a man in his fix to go on trying to be a hero?—Chicago Times-Herald.

"It's always damp places that mushrooms grow, isn't it papa?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Is that the reason they look like umbrellas, papa?"

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TWO BAD MEN.

They Settled Their Quarrel by Shooting at a Target Instead.

Jim Allison, Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson recently quarreled over a game of cards in John Brennan's saloon on West Madison street. Their dispute was settled by the use of revolvers, and yet without bloodshed. Twenty years ago a row among these three men would have been followed by a list of dead and wounded longer than that recently telegraphed from Frankfort, Ky., where the former congressman used his pistol. Bat Masterson has had his influence upon even the men of the west who made a record as sure shots, and the life was passed without bloodshed. The game was heartily enjoyed by the three, and Allison had led a diamond. Earp played a heart on the trick, and was accused of making a misplay.

"You lie!" exclaimed Allison. In a second two hands reached for revolvers. "Hold on, boys!" shouted Masterson. "This ain't Hasslam's Creek. We're not in a Prescott gambling house. If you want to shoot, I'll show you how to do it. If you win, Earp, Allison will have to apologize. If you win, Jim, Earp must acknowledge he's a liar."

The revolvers were not drawn. When Bat Masterson says things it generally goes. He filled thirty or forty graves when he was marshal of Dodge City, Kan., and both Earp and Allison were his assistants at the time. They had fought all over the Southwest with him, and they knew that he was prepared to back up any assertion that he made.

Accordingly, when Masterson led the way out of the saloon, Earp and Allison meekly followed him. "I'm going to let you shoot," remarked the former marshal, as he turned into a shooting gallery.

The figure of a man with a bull's eye marked where his heart ought to have been swinging lazily to and fro in the foreground. Imitation ducks were flying through the air, and targets of all kinds were presented to view.

The keeper of the place handed Allison a rifle and a pistol. They were toys in appearance, and the big frontiersman smiled with disgust as he looked at them.

"Use your own guns, boys," said Masterson. "You can have 20 shots each. Shoot at the tin man. That's better than killing each other. I'll be referee."

Two murderous-looking navy forty-fives were brought out, and Allison fired six shots from his weapon in quick succession. Each shot struck the flying man in the heart, and the faint tingle of a bell was heard as the bullet struck. Then Earp's revolver went into action, and each of his bullets found its desired mark.

Masterson applauded the performance, and seemed to derive the utmost amusement from it.

"This reminds me of old times!" he shouted. "You fellows shot that way when we had the fight with the rustlers down in Tombstone. Remember, Jim, you killed three of 'em in quick succession."

For answer Allison let fly his revolver again, and two or three ducks came dropping down. Earp followed his example. The men were interested in their work now, and the quarrel had been forgotten. They shot at every target in the gallery, and their marksmanship was as good as when their lives depended upon it.

Masterson wore a silk hat. Jim winked at Wyatt, and the two quietly stepped back, leaving Bat gazing at the targets and waiting for the next shot.

"Bang!" went the two revolvers in unison, and Masterson's hat flew off his head with two big bullet holes in it.

"You're acting like a tenderfoot," said Earp. "So we treated you like one. Now, I'll admit that I might have been mistaken in the game of cards." "Same here," chimed in Allison, "but I guess you're stuck for three bottles of champagne."

The champagne was drunk, and the men continued their card game for an hour or so, and then took the west-bound train for Denver. Masterson, Allison and Earp are about the only men left of the crowd that helped cultivate respect for the law in frontier settlements. Accurate shots, quick and fearless, they always fought on the side of law and order. Dodge City, Durango, Tombstone, Tucson, Prescott and Phoenix were all brought into subjection by them.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Capt. Bosco's Swimming Cats.

I read a description the other day of the relieving cat owned by a sportsman on Hetaire Ridge, said a splinter from the south coast, "and, while the case was certainly remarkable, it is completely eclipsed. In my opinion, by a family of swimming cats owned by Capt. Bosco, of Tarpon Island. Capt. Bosco is well known in New Orleans, where he occasionally comes to do some trading, and is immensely popular with the crowd that goes down to the Tarpon Club for periodical outings. He is the kingpin fisherman of Bay Adams, and as quaint and original a character as you could find on the whole coast."

"His swimming cats, about which I started to tell you, belong to a feline tribe that has lived at the captain's place from time out of mind. There are, perhaps, at present a dozen all told, and they have apparently lost every vestige of the natural antipathy of their species for water. They will wade, unhesitatingly, through the shallows on the beach, hunting for small fish, and three or four will actually swim out to nearby luggers to get oysters. Like all cats, they are very fond of that kind of food, and when they catch a lugger comes in from a visit to the beds several of them are certain to jump off the landing and swim to where it lies at anchor. It is very strange to see them come scrambling on board, meowing and shaking themselves and seemingly as indifferent to the wetting as setter puppies."

"How they developed such an extraordinary trait, I don't pretend to say, but it has probably been a matter of gradual evolution. Capt. Bosco doesn't remember when his cats began to go into the water, but it was many years ago, and with each generation the natural aversion must have become fainter and fainter. It wouldn't surprise me if they developed web feet."—N. O. Times

THE MILLIONAIRE COLONY.

Croesuses That Have Recently Gone to New York to Live.

THE LATEST ADDITION.

William A. Clark, of Montana, is the Reputed Possessor of Two Hundred Million—What He Proposes to Lay Out on His New Mansion.

Five hundred million is the round sum by which New York's fashionable society has been enriched by ten new comers within the last five seasons. From the Pacific coast, from the northwest, from the middle west and the middle states these Croesuses have come to add their wealth to the already enormous riches of the millionaire Fifth avenue colony.

They are spending money there in a manner that dazzles even the Vanderbilt and Astors, who have heretofore led the way in lavish outlays. Palaces costing one, two and ten million dollars each, million-dollar yachts, racing stables worth hundreds of thousands, pictures for which scores of thousands each are paid, jewels beyond computation, mark the advent of these newly-arrived multimillionaires.

Probably the most sensational entrance into New York's Fifth avenue coterie is that of Senator William A. Clark, of Montana, the reputed possessor of over two hundred millions.

He is credited with saying that he would spend ten millions dollars on a house and its furnishings, that should be the finest in New York.

A balustrade of gold and a silver staircase made from metal taken from his own mines, pillars and wainscoting and friezes of costly marbles, wall paintings done by famous masters from abroad, to rival the works of art in the palaces of Roman Emperors and Pampelion nobles, and pictures and tapestries costing fortunes each. This is how it is said Senator Clark proposes to lay out ten million dollars on his new mansion. At present only the foundations are being laid at the corner of Fifth avenue and Seventy-seventh street.

When Senator Clark was in Paris last spring he purchased a stained glass window for his house from the Countess de Jause for \$30,000. This window, which is very old, shows historic Greco-Roman figures, and is considered the most beautiful in France.

Mr. Clark also sat for a portrait, which is to adorn his library. Bernard, the artist, received \$25,000. The Senator offered Prince Murat \$300,000 for the Louis XV. Gobelin tapestries, which the Prince refused.

The multimillionaire then contented himself with buying a Turner picture for \$20,000, and gave corresponding prices for works by Dupre, Corot, Diaz, Rousseau, Jongkind, Daubier, Boudin, Lepine and other masters. He also began negotiations in England for the tapestries of the royal suite belonging to the Earl of Coventry, which cost originally \$350,000.

Senator Clark at the same time bought the finest specimens of furniture he could find belonging to the period of Louis Quatorze, Louis



(William A. Clark.)

Quinze, Louis Seize and the Empire. Previous to this it will be remembered that he bought Fortuny's "Choice of a Model" at a New York auction sale for \$42,000.

From this it may be imagined what the art treasures will be which will adorn Senator Clark's Fifth avenue house, and how he will spend \$10,000,000 upon it.

The man who can spend money like this has a copper mine, the United Verde, in Arizona, that yields him a million dollars a month clear profit, silver, gold and copper mines in Montana that give him an equal amount, besides little ranges, square miles in extent, on the northwestern plains, and sugar, tobacco and coffee plantations in Mexico.

He has refineries and smelters from Montana to the tropics in Western America. He is the largest individual owner of mines and smelters in the world. Senator Clark's wife died seven years ago. He has five children, but is especially fond of his daughter, Katherine. It is said she will be installed as mistress in his New York palace.

Told on Her Return From New York.

A Kansas City woman, whose hair is gray, went to New York recently to take a ride on a trolley car. Both of the side seats of the car were crowded with men. As she stood there, hanging by strap and swinging and jerking with the motion of the car, she observed that all of the men seemed to be entirely hidden behind their newspapers. She thought, as she stood there, that in Kansas City men often rise to give their seats to women. The difference was painful to contemplate. Finally a negro, near the other end of the car, stood up and said:

"Take this seat lady."

"No," answered the Kansas City woman, with awful distinctness. "I won't take the seat of the only gentleman in the car."

The newspapers dropped suddenly, and six men jumped to their feet. Apparently they had only just seen the gray-haired woman. And she took her choice of seats.—Kansas City Star.

FOR BAIT IN A TIGER TRAP.

At the Mercy of a Band of Semi-Savages

FERCE INDIAN NATIVES

Saved by a Little Girl—Shut Up in a Trap as Bait for the Fiercest and Strongest of All Wild Beasts—An English Officer's Story.

A tiger story is the unfailing resource of the officers of the British army on the long ocean voyage they must regularly make between London and Calcutta. It is a rare treat to be a listener with some grizzled veteran during the enforced leisure of this homeward journey, holding a smoking room audience spellbound with a tale of adventure.

Here is one told by Sir Arthur Hewitt not long ago before a party of interested listeners. A tall, thin, soldierly figure, with a face darkened by close application of the razor, he loomed the giant of the group.

"It happened in Birmania," he began, "between Promé and Rangoon. The country was ravaged at that time by the depredatory bands of Nung Gung Gee, the fiercest native chief we ever had to contend with. I headed a scouting party, and, being overtaken by night at some distance from camp, we lighted fires and lay down to sleep. Some hours later I felt myself lifted bodily from the ground. I had been bound and gagged, and I was a prisoner in the stronghold of Gung himself."

"The next morning they brought me before Gung. The moment he saw me he leered hideously."

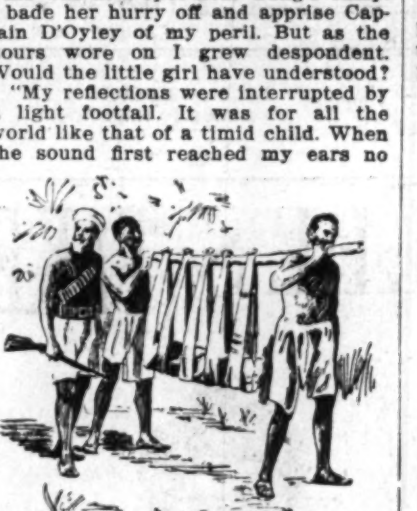
"At last," he said, "here is one of those English who are invading our country and would reduce us to slavery."

"Gung's followers now blindfolded me. I was thus forced some five miles through the jungle and beaten with sticks all the way. Finally they came to a halt. The bandage was removed from my eyes. Growing accustomed to the light I discovered a tiger trap ahead. I did not immediately comprehend the purpose of my captors. But my uncertainty did not last long."

"The tiger trap was constructed of bamboo. One section of it was cut off from the rest by a network of bamboo rods. This formed the receptacle for the bait. The bait was myself. They stripped me of my clothing, thrust me in and bound me with thongs. Then they made off."

"I did not feel very uneasy at first. For two hours I worked for freedom, but in the end I was forced to admit the hopelessness of the task. Insects alighted on my skin and bit the flesh. The sun beat down on my head and into my eyes. I grew faint. Suddenly it occurred to me that a tiger might appear at any moment. However, there was some hope, although the hope was slender. A little native girl had, at the risk of her life, given me a drink of water the day before. This was at a spot near Gung's camp. I bade her hurry off and apprise Captain Doyley of my peril. But as the hours wore on I grew despondent. Would the little girl have understood?"

"My reflections were interrupted by a light footfall. It was for all the world like that of a timid child. When the sound first reached my ears no



(Taken to the tiger trap.)

suspicion of tigers entered my head. Suddenly a gorgeous shoulder flashed its stripes through the bamboo. One of the largest tigers I had ever seen—and I had seen many—confronted me. "It flashed across my mind that this might not be a man-eating tiger. In that event, it would snuff about the trap and do me no harm. One gigantic paw was raised against the outer door of the trap. The door lifted and fell. The tiger was caught. Only a bamboo piling separated us. The bulky mass advanced toward me. Then the animal stood perfectly motionless."

"My whole body had turned cold, except where the insects left their stings. These raw spots glowed like many tiny coals. I stared straight into the tiger's face, not daring to wink an eyelid. I felt that the first movement would come from the enemy. It did. With a roar, the tiger dashed her whole weight against the bamboo rods. The great claws were thrust through and barely reached me. The tips of them scratched three long streaks in my side. A red tongue was stretched greedily through the bars. There was no doubt now. This was a man-eating tiger."

"The peril gave me inconceivable strength. I tried to burst my bonds. But I suddenly recollected that bursting my bonds would do me little good. I was in a trap, like my enemy. In another moment my portion of the trap would be invaded."

"Suddenly I saw a glimmer of light. A confused sound of voices reached me. They were coming nearer. I heard my name pronounced. They were calling me. My voice refused to issue from my throat. But I knew in that instant that the little girl had given me alarm. I am glad to recall that my first impulse was one of gratitude to her."

"My rescuers dared not shoot the tigress. Gung was in the neighborhood. His bands would have massacred our little company in a moment. It was necessary to attack the tigress with bayonets. It seemed every instant that the trap would give way under the strain of the leaps of the beast. It took almost an hour to effect my rescue. It is strange that the tigress harassed on all sides did not turn and kill me with a stroke of its paw. But the animal lost blood from a hundred wounds. It succumbed. They saved me."

A POINTER



THE SIDE

I shall in this column endeavor to answer all correspondence that may be sent and I urgently request young ladies to read this column and any questions that they wish answered please send them in before Saturday of each week.

By Miss yClemas

Y. It is not permissible to take a friend to any entertainment without first asking permission of the hostess.

Lottie.—It is natural for a gentleman to pay a lady a call, when he takes her to a place of amusement.

Rachel.—No one was ever known to succeed by falsifying. You may succeed for a while, but ill-fate is bound to overtake you.

O. V. The greatest quality in man or woman is a sweet disposition. Maters not how homely one may be, if he possesses that everlasting quality he is indeed beautiful.

Lena.—You are perfectly right in selecting your fourteen year old sister as bridesmaid. Since you are going away it is not necessary to marry in white silk. The groom furnishes the flowers for the bride and bridesmaids.

Watch the person who claims that he can do so much. It is an unwise thing to blow your own horn.

It is considered in better taste to wait until a young man asks permission to call rather than to extend him an invitation.

F. G. 'Tis quite the proper thing for a young man to present the young lady with a bouquet, whom he may ask to go to a reception.

Eva.—Your chance is an exceptional one, nevertheless do 't be in a hurry.

Josephine.—While it may be quite the proper thing for a lady to take a gentleman's arm, still I see no impropriety in a gentleman taking a lady's arm. I prefer the latter.

Inquirer.—I am not interested in school matters, however Supt. Cook is a gentleman and a scholar and one who can stand the calcium light. If a change is made, it will not come for a long while.

X. X. Cupid dart has been very busy of late, he has thrown his arrow into three of our school marm's and hosts of others on the outside. The month of April will find the stores busy, supplying "invites" to these happy occasions. If all rumors are true, the class of '90 will be as fortunate as class '99, as host of young and old are booked to go out next year.

Never trust a person when he is ever ready to take an oath to his own state. Some people need more to convince them than others.

H. S. A man of thirty five should be married. Old bachelors and old maids are a misery to themselves, hence they make others unhappy.

D. A. You are a model person, but don't get "big headed," if so you may spoil the effect.

Lula.—"Rich" is a dear good fellow. I know and I will be happy with him. I admire a Christian spirit in man or woman.

E. V. A man or woman should not accept the company of others, after their purposes have been made known to the family. A gentleman should ask for the lady or make his intentions known, at least six months before the desired time to wed. Long courtships are dangerous. Beware.

Francis.—Beware of the person who manifests so much interest in your welfare, except you have studied his character.

Fashion.—This is to be a "white season." White taffeta waists with colored skirts will be in the lead. A steel colored broadcloth, with the triple blue plate in the back of skirt, slightly trained, a short jacket to match, accompanied by a white silk waist, with French back will be just the "chic" thing for spring.

The rustle that used to be heard before one heaved in sight, is a thing of the past. The best dresses are lined with Surah silk or some soft material that does not rustle.

The rainy day dress can be seen when the sun is at its height, as well as when the clouds are low. These dresses are much worn by shoppers and for every day use among business women.

Nannie.—The birth stone for the month of May is the emerald.

L. E. The blood stone, or ruby is intended for the month of December. Mammie.—When a travelling costume is worn, even if the marriage be a home affair, the bonnet and gloves should be put on before the ceremony.

Sadie.—Remember the old adage, "When thieves fall out, honest men get their dues."

Laura.—Trained nursing is a very good thing, still I think that such a profession is best suited to a widow or a married woman. Old maids might try their hand at it, but young ladies with matrimonial ideas should seek higher elevation.

Elsie.—"Truth crushed to the earth is bound to rise." Your enemies you know, your friends are the ones to watch.

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A. W. GARRETT, Pres.

Found the King.

An interesting story comes from Provo regarding the age of miracles. For those who are not superstitious it is doubly entertaining. During a recent visit of President George Q. Cannon to the Southern town he was entertained at the home of L. Holbrook, manager of the Grand Central Mine. Mr. Holbrook's fifteen-year-old daughter Aura told President Cannon that she had dreamed three times that she had found a diamond ring, and in the third dream a man giving his name as Vans, and address Dallas, Texas, had told her he lost a ring while going through Provo 10 years ago, and that she could find it under a certain rock, giving minute details as to the location of the same. President Cannon listened to the story with interest, and at its conclusion told the girl she should follow up her dream. Aura got on her wheel and rode away. In less than two minutes she returned, holding a diamond ring in her hand. She claims to have found it in the place described by her dreamland visitant.

It is interesting to know that Miss Aura has a fondness for diamond rings and has answered a great many advertisements of them.—Salt Lake Herald.

Stole Watch to Get Square.

"Great Scott! but that's a fine watch," came from the chorus. "Where did you get it?" "Stole it," answered the possessor calmly. "You don't believe me, do you?" he went on. "Well, I'll tell you how it happened. I was on a Western district which enjoyed the reputation of being the toughest one covered by the house. I had some time to kill and so went into one of the gambling joints. It isn't necessary to go into details as to what happened. As luck would have it, there were a half dozen others in the place beside myself, who might be considered as possible victims. When the time came the lights were put out suddenly and then we had "rough house" for about ten minutes. In the middle of it I felt somebody grab my watch, and reached out after him. I caught some one and felt that he was just putting a watch in his trousers pocket. I gave his wrist a hard wrench and got the timepiece. Then I broke away. When I got to the light I found the watch was this one. As I never heard from the owner, I have kept it to compensate for the loss of mine." After which the waiter hurried over in response to six different signals.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Turkey Five Feet High.

John McCormick, a farmer who resides across the river from here in Illinois, is the owner of a turkey gobler which towers in the air five feet and weighs 45 pounds. It looks more like an ostrich than a turkey. Its legs at the feet are an inch and a half in diameter, while close to the body they are the same size of an ordinary man's arm at the elbow. The bird's wings measure seven feet from tip to tip. Tinton, Ill., Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

How Can You Say

So good second hand Typewriters at such low prices We are frequently asked. The answer is easy. We have the agency of the JEWETT, the latest and highest of all typewriters. In each one of the best of our makes, and by having exceptional advantages to you. We are enabled to give big values to those wishing writers of any kind. If you have or have not a Typewriter, give us your address, and we will freely give you points upon writing machines that may be of value to you, also a description of the Jewett writer. Address: NEWMAN & SON, DEALERS IN Standard Typewriters THE CALIGRAPH, TELEPHONE 1111, No. 611 Seventh Street, N. W.

HERE'S A LITTLE

Pointer for You

ATTENTION! LADIES!

HAIR RESTORER

All who are desirous of having a beautiful suit of hair, or if your hair is falling out, you should get a bottle of Hairline, better known as the Renowned Hair Restorer.

Oriental Complexion Cream cures all skin diseases and makes the skin like velvet. Price, 25c to 75c per bottle.

Treatment of the Skin and Scalp.

STRAIGHTENING A SPECIALTY.

All kinds of implements and toilet articles for sale.

1545 4th Street Northwest.

Agency at THE BEE Office.

Only one man,

in Washington gives

12 cabinet size Phos

and a

Crayon Portrait for \$5.00

PRICE, ARTIST, PHOTOGRAPH

723 Seventh Street, N. W.

LEGAL NOTICE.

W. C. MARTIN, ATTORNEY.

Estate of Basil Jackson, deceased, No. 8740, Docket 25, Robert T. Douglas has, with the approval of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, holding a Special Term for Orphans' Court Business, appointed March 22, 1900, at 10 o'clock A. M., as the time, and said Court room as the place, for passing of claims and making payment and distribution under the Court's direction and control; when and where all creditors and persons entitled to distributive shares or legacies of a residue, are notified to attend in person or by agent or attorney duly authorized, with their claims against the estate properly vouched. Provided this order be published once in each of three successive weeks before said day in the 'Washington Law Reporter,' and The Washington Bee.

SIGNED, February 23, 1900.

APPROVED.

CHARLES C. COLE, Justice.

W. C. MARTIN, Attorney.

LOUIS A. DENT, Register of Wills.

OUR COLORED WOMEN.

Many of the leading reforms in social customs have been brought about within the past fifty years, and the colored woman of America was born in the very heat of them. At a time when Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and a few other women of advanced thought and progressive spirit were hammering upon the sympathy and reason of the public conscience that larger rights and privileges might come to women; when Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote, in defense of the Negro, to minds incapable of resisting her appeal, or withholding from him the helping hand it was wisely ordained that the colored woman came into existence at the dawn of this very opportune awakening.

The proclamation of 1863 opened to them many privileges and rights hitherto arbitrarily denied or cruelly withheld. Prior to this time the Negro woman had not a single right as wife, mother, home-maker or social organizer which the Christian civilization of the U. S. felt bound to respect. Upon the broken and blasted hopes; severed heart-ties and inhuman indignities too barbarous to recount a foundation has been constructed and a superstructure erected sufficient in importance to call fourth the query, "What part has the woman of this race played in the reform movements of today?"

Notwithstanding the incredibly short time of proposing so prodigious a question it is clearly apparent that they courageously faced the bare, cold, rugged and uninviting conditions which presented themselves, eagerly grasped the opportunities offered through governmental and benevolent school systems for their children, summoning to their aid renewed strength in the promises the future seemed to hold for them and their loved ones. The long hours of toil and privation necessary to secure the education of their children was dwelt upon at length. These mothers were pioneer reformers, leaders of the greatest and most apparent reform known to the race—to them should be erected monuments of our love and most enduring gratitude. The results are everywhere to be seen, for in 1865, probably not one in ten thousand of the race could read—today not less than twenty-five thousand are professors and teachers in colleges and schools. This growth seems to be phenomenal in face of the fact that the race has largely housed, fed and clothed its aged, cared for its young and built churches to the number of 19,753 at an estimated cost of \$20,323,887. Nor do these figures include the time and money contributed to school houses, benevolent associations and the like.

Much credit was given the women of North Carolina for efforts in raising the moral status of the race, under the leadership of Miss Mary A. Lynch, National Organizer of the W. C. T. U. and the women of Alabama under Mrs. Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee, who is so ably seconded in these lines now by Mrs. B. K. Bruce.

"Altho' we have done much in a levelling distress and poverty in localities and have been otherwise helpful in uplifting the race, we cannot speak confidently of a materialized, well-working national organization among our women."

Among individuals, named as having done excellent work were Mrs. F. E. W. Harper, Mrs. Lucy Thurman, Mrs. V. E. Matthews, Mrs. E. D. White, Mrs. Belle M. Howard, Mrs. Anna J. Murray, Miss Lucy Laney, Miss Cornelia Bowen, Mrs. Sylvia F. Williams and others.

Among organizations in different localities not equal to states, were mentioned the Independent Circle, Kings Daughters, of New York; Mrs. E. D. White, Pres., in its conduct and maintenance of the Home for Aged Colored women, the Colored Woman's League, Mrs. Helen A. Cook, Pres., of the District of Columbia; The Congress of Colored Women, at Atlanta, Ga., and Nashville, Tenn.; The White Rose Mission of New York; Mrs. F. V. Matthews, Organizer; The Sojourner Truth Home, of the City; Miss M. R. Bowen, Manager, and others of similar nature.

The writer strongly urged her hearers to exercise frugality and regarded the public dancing so largely as a waste, and thoughtless use of alcoholic beverages as great barriers in the way of the progress of the race; both tending downward in the moral scale. Special stress is laid upon the amount of good accomplished through the organized club work for women by Mrs. Booker T. Washington at Tuskegee, reaching, as it does, thousands of homes in the rural districts, and the possibilities for usefulness and a strong moral lever of the National Association of Colored Women, Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, President, were dwelt upon at length, and the writer closed with a flowing tribute to the laudable achievements of the women of her race, who as teachers have done so much to uplift it.

The colored people of Brookland, D. C., are sadly in need of a school. Mrs. Solomon Jones's little boy on his way to school Monday morning met with a terrible accident. He was knocked down by a wagon and barely escaped being run over. It is hoped that something may be done very soon to cause the anxiety of the parents to cease. The nearest school for the children is Slater. In getting to school they have to cross the railroad. This makes it also dangerous.

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

Mrs. Jewell's Opinion of the South African Situation.

NURSED JAMESON'S MEN

She Was for Several Years a Resident of the Transvaal, Although an American—Personality of the Boers—The Jameson Expedition.

In considering the present South African War, says Mrs. Fletcher Webster Jewell, in the New York Herald, I involuntarily look at the situation through a woman's eyes, and, passing the causes, think first of the consequences. The first picture that comes to me, therefore, instead of being one of glory and fame as the result of the different battles, is of carnage and death, of widows and orphans. This comes home all the more keenly because I happened to be a spectator of some of the exciting scenes in and about Johannesburg during the latter part of 1895 and the early part of 1896.



(Mrs. Fletcher Webster Jewell).

When Dr. Jameson made his celebrated raid, and also, to a slight degree, an actor in the epilogue of that drama, while assisting in nursing the wounded in that memorable fight, after they had been taken to the little hospital at Krugersdorp.

Without presuming to account myself either a civic politician or a military tactician, I have always felt that that wild ride of Jameson and his men was simply a sort of a preliminary skirmish of a greater battle.

Had he succeeded in reaching Johannesburg, instead of being captured within eighteen miles of that place, I believe that the history which is being written now would have been recorded then. With Jameson as the leader, and his little band of troopers as the nucleus around which the Outlanders might rally, I cannot help thinking that, in the then comparatively unprepared state of the Boers, the contest would have been short and decisive, and that long before this time the South African Republic would have been added to the dominion of Great Britain. But he failed, as all the world now knows, on the very threshold of success, and in the intervening years the Boers, evidently feeling that a great contest was inevitable, have been steadily preparing themselves.

Knowing the country in which the war is being waged, and knowing personally many engaged on either side, I have followed the reports of the fight with an intense interest. I need not expatiate on the discipline and courage of the English soldiers. These are matters of common knowledge. But knowing also the obstinate determination of the Boers and their undying hatred of the English, I do not regard the proclamations of Kruger and Joubert as mere idle words. I know that these are shrewd men, obstinate men and brave men, and to me every word they have uttered rings with a literal meaning.

Knowing the Boer character and the British character, I do not think that any one country is large enough to hold these two types in amicable relationship, especially with the English as the dominant governing race. The ancestors of these Boers, as well as some of those at present engaged on the Boer side, deliberately "trekked" to the north in order to establish a government of their own.

They are fighting now in the last ditch, so to speak. There is no possibility of further retreat. The English surround them on the north, west and south. To the eastward of the Transvaal the Portuguese hold all the territory.

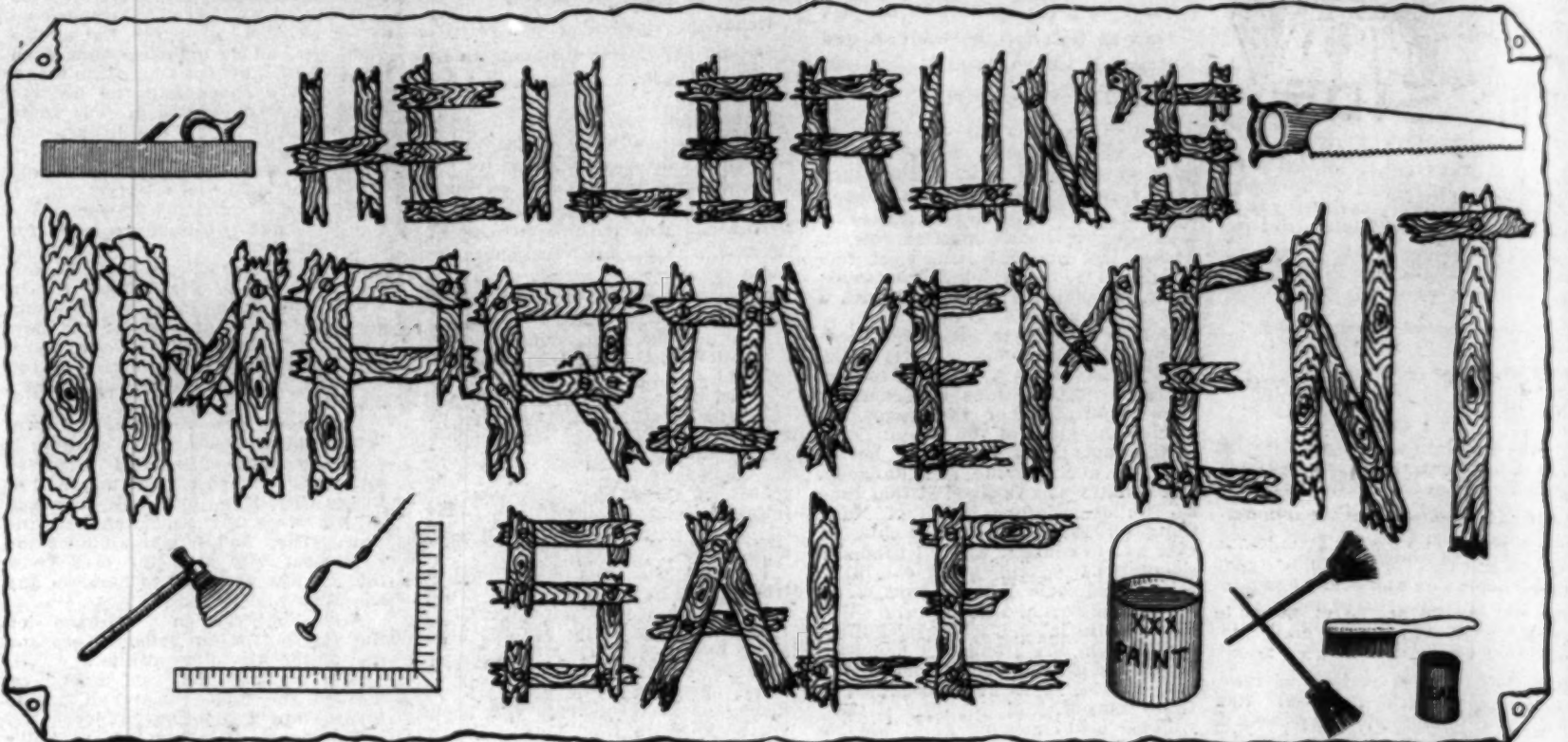
I have always resented the extreme criticism, particularly in this country, of Jameson and his men. Whatever may have been the political purpose of that expedition, the fact that they were responding to an urgent appeal of the Johannesburgers, asking their assistance in behalf of the women and children of that place, places them in my eyes as gallant men who were willing to risk their lives in a desperate effort in what must have seemed to them a great cause.

It is impossible for me to regard the thirty-four wounded Englishmen whom I came to know intimately in that improvised hospital in the dry goods store in Krugersdorp as "murderers," "land pirates" and "robbers." Such epithets do not befit men who so bravely faced death in the fight and in the hospital, and the possibilities of death as filibuster even after passing through these other ordeals.

And, in the same breath, speaking as an American woman, and, therefore, to a certain extent, as a neutral, I feel that in common justice I ought to say a word for the bravery of the four Boers in that same hospital, and for the unremitting care by their countrymen, of their wounded opponents.

As I recall some of my experiences during my brief stay in that hospital I find myself wondering how the Boer wounded are being treated during the present fight. The Boer hatred of the English was so intense that they would not let an English doctor treat any of their sufferers. And as I recollect my dismay at seeing a Boer woman insisting on feeding her son, who had been shot through the lungs, with a thick, heavy soup and hard boiled eggs, I involuntarily speculate as to whether the same system of diet is being maintained in their hospitals now. Such diet would have killed almost any other class of wounded men, but they seemed to flourish on it.

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Worth up to \$5.00 a pair.

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Men's and Ladies' fancy house slippers, all kinds 79c.

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Mens' and Ladies' Chic Style, Shoes worth 1.75, now \$1.19.

2nd Choice of fine shoes for Gents and Ladies, values up to 3.00 a pair, going for \$1.69.

SPECIAL: Mr. A. J. Johnson, formerly in our employ, is again with us as ever ready to serve his numerous friends with shoes that'll make their feet glad.



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In Button and Lace, Bull Dog, Pug and Vienna Toes, all sizes and widths. Many worth regularly 5.00; some 4.00 and a few 3.50, all bunched now at \$2.19.

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